

 **ECLIPSE**
COMICS

Nº 8

The Illustrated Horor of
Magazine for Mature Readers

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ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



The PENUMBRA

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 10

Scout discovers more about the Colonial in Project Mountain Fire is released!

ALVIN ENCODED no. 8

Bruce Jones and Jim Sullivan offer the first of four installes of adventures, with "Take One Capsule Every Million Years"

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MINICLIMAX no. 9

The story continues with the birth of Miniclimax by Alan Moore, Rick Veitch and Rick Bryant.

NAIVE INTER-DIMENSIONAL

COMMANDO KODIAS

Miniclimax vs. Miniclimax as the Kodias take on the Adversarial Radioactive Black Belt Hammer.

DOE 3-D no. 3

The second and final issue of the early 1950s classic 3-D on by Joe Ruben.

CLAREMORE, U.S.A. Woke up this morning in room 303 of the Hotel Will Rogers, the tallest building in Claremore, Oklahoma, and home of the famous Radium Water Mineral Baths, "where the world bathes its way to health."

During the night we heard the trains running by, blowing long and long as they let the grade crossings. Down below we left a good old antique oak library table strapped to the top of our car with bungee cords, and knew nobody would steal it. After all, this is what used to be known as Indian Territory, and honesty is as common as courtesy in these parts.

At seven we got our wake-up call and at seven-thirty our complimentary tray of hot coffee, real cream and chocolate mints was delivered to the door. If you like your architecture in the Spanish style and your grand hotel traditions on the economical side, this old place is just for you. By nine-thirty, Althea and I were up on the sixth floor in the ladies' steam room with a Rock of other bathers. From there we progressed to the black sulphurous mineral baths, good for what ails you inside and out. Will Rogers said the Claremore waters would "cure you of everything but being a Democrat." He was right. I'm self afflicted with that particular lolly.

After viewing in the dark and Democratic waters until your head spins and your ice cubes run out, it's time for a blanket wrap, and that's what we got. This is followed by a Swedish

massage given by a slim woman who has incredibly strong hands. I didn't quite catch her name, but I think one of the other women, who bathes there regularly, called her Val. In any case, she collects those neat little old glass candy dishes in the form of checkers. Next time I go to Claremore, I'm gonna bring her a red one. That's the one colour she lacks.

I mean it, folks. This is some swell place. The mineral baths cost less than half what they do out in California, and the hotel serves the greatest ham and beans with corn muffins for lunch, after your appetite gets in gear. Heck, they still sell fifteen-fish postcards for a quarter in the lobby! Oh, did I forget to tell you about the wonderful western wagon light fixtures, streamlined chrome chairs, painted "Indian blanket" motel plazer ceiling moldings and the friendly woman who gave me a copy of an old brochure from the 1930s? If I did, you can slap my wrist and call me careless, 'cause there's nothing short of dragging you there bodily that I wouldn't do to convince you to make this place a stop on your next vacation.

catherine yronkoda

ALVIN ENCODED no. 8, August 1988. Published by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Publisher: Editor: Scott Denning. Assistant Editor: Dave Mulvaney. Publisher: Alvin Encoded: The Alvin Encoded: "Take a Capsule Every Million Years" Story: ©1988 Bruce Jones. Art: ©1988 Jim Sullivan. "It's a Wonderful Day in Our Neighborhood" Story: ©1988 Bruce Jones. Art: ©1988 Alvin Encoded: "Jurying" Story: ©1988 Charles Weisner. Art: ©1988 Dan Gray and Tom Tenen. "Mating Violates" Story: ©1988 Bruce Jones & Ken Macklin. Art: ©1988 Ken Macklin. All other material: ©1988 Eclipse Comics. All rights reserved. Price: \$2.00. Printed in Canada.

TAKE ONE CAPSULE EVERY MILLION YEARS



YOU KNOW, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I REALLY WASN'T SURE IT WAS POSSIBLE! THINK OF IT. AL, OVER A MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST, THE MIND BOGGLED!

MY MIND WILL BOGGLE A LOT MORE, LARRY, WHEN MY PICTURE'S ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES!



...I CAN SEE THE LOOK ON CHATWORTH'S FACE. NOW! AH! I'VE LOOKED LIKE A MONKEY FOR THE LAST TIME!



WHAT'S WITH THE ROUTINE BETWEEN YOU AND S.P. CHATWORTH?

CONCENTRATED BLOODY BASTARD! EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND HE'S MADE THE HEADLINES AGAIN!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS— HIS FIRST BIG SCOOP...



YES, I REMEMBER HE...
AL! LOOK!

FERANDON!



NO, HARRY - IT'S TOO EARLY!
WE'D NEVER GET IT INTO
THE CAPSULE!

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
LARRY.



WHAT WE NEED
IS A SMALL SALAMANDER,
SOMETHING MANAGEABLE...
AN ORNITHOMYSTES,
MAYBE...

YOU'RE THE EXPERT
ON PALMA - I JUST
HEFT THE RIFLES AND
SCREW IN THE BOLTS!



YOU DID A LOT
MORE THAN JUST
SCREW IN THE BOLTS,
AL. WE BUILT THE
TIME CAPSULE
TOGETHER!

YEAH, AND IT'S ~~NOT~~ THAT
GET THE CREDIT THIS
TIME, NOT THAT CREEPY
CHATWORTH! HE'LL NOT
MAKE A MONKEY
OUT OF ME AGAIN!



YOU REALLY
ADORE THE GUY,
DON'T YOU?

AND FOR
GOOD REASON -
LOOK AT THIS...



YOU CAN'T
REGLORISE A
MAN FOR
BEING A GOOD
EMPLOYER, AL...

HAI! YOU KNOW WHO FINANCED
ALL THOSE EXOTIC TRIPS? HIS
RICH AUNTIE! SURE I COULD MAKE
HISTORY TOO IF I HAD
LIMITLESS FUNDS!





SCHOOL IS OUT ON THE PLANET SEPULCRO BUT SOME PARENTS ARE RUNNING SHORT OF PATIENCE...



FISHP! SHOOT! ZINAB! PAY ATTENTION!
I WILL BE HOME FOR FIVE DAYS, DUEZ THE FLISPERYOM WHILE I'M GONE!

YES, DADDY

STORY: CHARLES HUGHES

POWERS: DAVID DRY

INKS: TOM HEATES

LETTERS: TIM HARRIS

COLOR: SON COURTNEY



SHOOT! ZINAB! LET'S GO FOR EGG!

NO! DAD'LL GET ME!

FINISH FIRST!



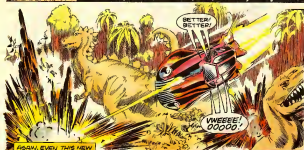
IN A HURR, RESIN HED THE HATCH OPEN.

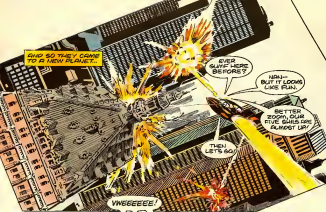
TURN LEFT! ZOOM NOW!

WELL...

WITHIN MINUTES...





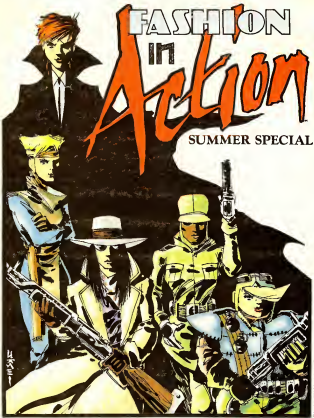




NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET.

FASHION in Action

SUMMER SPECIAL



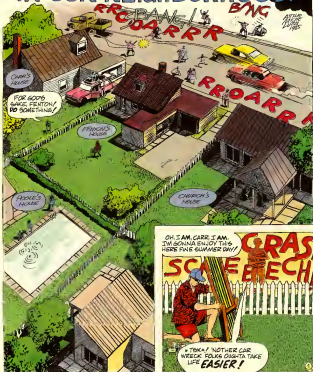
COMING THIS AUGUST FROM

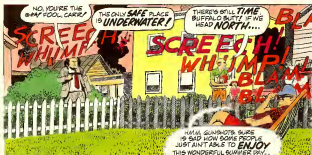


SUMMER ALWAYS COMES EARLY TO ATLANTA...A COURTESY MOTHER NATURE EXTENDS TO THE CAPITAL OF THE OLD SOUTH...EVEN TODAY, WITH MAJOR FACTORIES AND INDUSTRIES REPLACING KING COTTON, THE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER IS SPECIAL...

SEEKING BACKLASH? AFFIRM! GREAT LOTS! COLORED FOLK! COLORED FOLK! COLORED FOLK! COLORED FOLK!

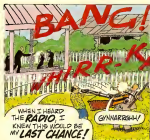
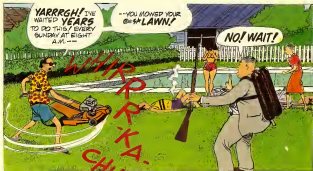
'IT'S A WONDERFUL DAY IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!'















The Revenant

by SCOTT HAMPTON

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Coming in *Kind of* TERROR #8

SEPTEMBER, 1986



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VALKYRIE!

from the pages of
AIR FIGHTERS and **AIRBOY**
comics



VALKYRIE



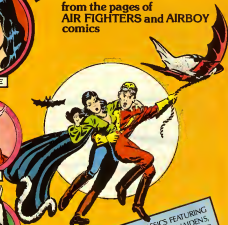
AIRBOY



SKYWOLF



MISERY



5 FABULOUS GOLDEN AGE CLASSICS FEATURING
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NOTATED BY CATHERINE YRONWODE. ONLY \$5.95
POSTPAID.

YES! I WANT
VALKYRIE!
I'VE ENCLOSED \$5.95
IN U.S. FUNDS.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____
ZIP _____

SEND TO: ECLIPSE COMICS
P.O. BOX 199
GUERNSEY, CA 95445



IT WASN'T THE SMUGGLING ON THE PLANETS THAT ALARMED ME—THE PLANETS HAD A HIERARCHY AFTER ALL. NEITHER PLANET WAS CHARTERED, SO THE FEDERATION HAD NO JURISDICTION OVER THEM, AND THEREFORE NO CONTROL OVER THE FLOW OF CONTRABAND ON THE PLANETS THEMSELVES—BUT THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM WAS ANOTHER MATTER. THAT WAS AN ASSIGNED BEAT. I'M A FEDERATION SPACE WALKER. MY NAME IS PETE PETROSHADE.



CYNON, LUCKY PULL IT OVER AND SAVE US BOTH SOME TROUBLE!

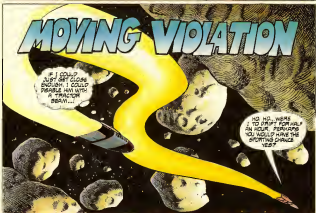
...AND, ANYWAY...



IN THE TWO MONTHS SINCE MY PROMOTION TO THIS SECTION, I HAD MANAGED TO SHUT DOWN MOST OF THE "JUNK JOCKEYS"—BUT NOT THAT SMUGGLER SCUM AND SHORRY HIGH-PROFILE SCUM BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS, ALL RIGHT? LUCKY HAD A FAST SHOT.

YOU MUST PULL FASTER, PETROSHADE. NOW, NOW!

MOVING VIOLATION



IF I COULD JUST GET CLOSER ENOUGH, I COULD PIRATE HIM WITH A TRACTOR BEAM...

HO, HO, WERE I TO PRAY FOR HELP AN HOUR, PERHAPS YOU WOULD HAVE THE SHORTEST CHANCE YET?



HAVE YOU CONSIDERED TRADING IN YOUR SHIP FOR AN ASTEROID FRIEND PETROGRADE? YOU WOULD LOSE SOME HANDLING FEE PERHAPS BUT SUCH A BARN IN SPACE! AMB! AMB!



WTF? WE'RE OUT OF THE ASTEROID FIELD! I'LL AGAIN DITCH HIM NOW!

DYE-DYE, PETROGRADE! SEE YOUR PLANETARY, AS USUAL! AMB! AMB!



OH, PETROGRADE! LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK!

...MY FAVORITE BAR WAS ALSO LUCY'S FAVORITE.



...AFTER ALL, MY UNDERSTANDING HUSBAND CAN'T AFFORD A JEAN DRINK, BUT?

OH! BARELY AND OH, LUCKY! IF I HAD JURISDICTION ON THIS PLANET, I'D SWAP YOU IN PRISON ANYDAY NOW!



AH, BUT YOU DO NOT, SO LUCKY IS BARELY. THAT COME, MY FRIEND? JOIN THE BUILD! BUSINESS, IT IS GOOD!

WOW, SURE! AND HELP YOU IMPORT BABY BLANKETS THAT BLOW UP THE THIRD TIME YOU USE THEM?



TELL YA WHAT... IF ONLY DO THIS FOR 2000 FITE, YOU BEIN AN OLY SLIPPY AN' AL... BUT I ON PROP A BLACK MARKET WASH BOTLESLUBBER PAWE WITH IT... Y'LL FIT O.K... THEM PATROL SHIP ENGINES ARE REAL SCUMPS, BUT DA SYNTHETIC-VASTAL HULL FRAMES ARE ACE... STILL, KAPTA, SLEEP UP THEM JOINTS... KEEB YA PAPA OUT DA ALLEY WORK...

HAHA... BOWEN FUN TA HESSE TEN, THEMSE YOUNGINS CREATS

YEAH, BUT ALL IT DO KAPTA I MEAN, REALLY FAST T

HEY, YOU HOPKIN THAT MONSTER ENGINES IN THAT U/L BITY SHIT

YOU'RE GONNA NEED TA BOOST YER SCOPIT G-FIELD, OR YOU'LL BE PICKIN YER EYEBALLS OUTTA TH' PEAR SUMMER... JUST DIVINE FOURTEEN DAYS AND SHES YOURS

TWO WEEKS LATER

THESE GDS THAT OFFICE BLIVE NOW

PATROL







LATER, AT "THE BLACK HOLE."



BRING UP SPEEDBALL, CALLE TOMORROW! OR SOMA LOOK ONTO YOUR SHIP AND USE YOUR WIFE, BUT GOOD!

IN THAT SHIP... SHE IS DO FIRST!



PETROGRAD... MY FRIEND... LISTEN TO REASON! THERE IS PROFIT ENOUGH FOR MANY! WHY WITH THAT SHIP YOU COULD... WE COULD...

Musical notes



PETROGRAD... I TELL YOU... I AM NOT HAVE THAT SHIP! NO ONE NEED KNOW! I COULD ARRANGE A THEFT! YOU COULD BE A WEALTHY MAN!

Musical notes



TALK MYSELF LUCKY.



WELL, THAT'S PAY OFF SAN, PETROGRAD! THE HANDS FOR THE LOSS OF THE PATROL SHIP, AND STILL LEAVE ME ENOUGH TO SETTLE MY TAB AT "THE BLACK HOLE."

HEY, HEY! QUOTE I WON'T BE NEEDING THIS ANYMORE...

WARNING CITATION

IF THIS CRAP IS AGAIN DETECTED EXCEEDING LOCAL SPEED LIMITS, THE CRAP AND ALL OCCUPANTS WILL BE IMPROVISEDLY TRANSPORTED TO AN UNEMPLOYMENT BUREAU, DISPOSED AS PROVIDED FOR IN GAUCHE LAW (SEE 4004 VS. WMS. 214 TD)

KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN

END

Native Response

▼ ECLIPSE COMICS - PO BOX 199 - GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446 ▼

Dear Cat and Company,

Friends have been asking me for several months now why I buy every issue of ALIEN ENCOUNTERS for an outrageous \$1.75 a pop, when I only like one or two stories in any given issue.

"Don't worry," I kept telling them, "it'll get better."

Issue #7, I'm proud to say, has vindicated me. From cover to cover the entire issue didn't contain any substandard stories or art. Everything was top drawer material. I can now shove issue #7 in the faces of my friends, laugh maniacally, and scream, "You shoulda listened to me in the first place, cocklehead!!!!!"

As they say on those television commercials for an imported car, "Oh, what a feeling." Bruce Jones probably got tired of people telling him he's great. But his "Under Turtuka" proves what I have liked about him all along—his ability to write in pure genre. When I read a Bruce Jones S. F. story, I know I'm not reading a western where people are using lasers instead of Winchester. I know I'm not reading a love story where one of the characters happens to be an alien or a robot. I know I'm not reading a detective story where control-computers are used instead of studdies and street contacts. When you read a Bruce Jones S. F. story, by God, you're reading an S. F. story, not some warmed-over plot in a science fiction setting. Like the best stuff Rod Serling wrote, the best of Jones is pure imagination. Besides that, he writes to good.

But even Jones' work was challenged by Wheeler's "So You Want to Be in Powers?" I should have seen the ending coming, but I didn't, and I was drawn right into it. Nice suspense, beautiful art, and the Simone Kirby (which I suspect was a tribute of some kind to the Simon/Kirby team) pen increased my enjoyment.

Rick Geary's bizarre ramblings have always appealed to me. Since Geary is a transplanted Kansan, any more lavish praise might look a tad "over-eager." Suffice it to say I'd buy any magazine I see a Geary piece in. Now, about that final story...

Did you have the cover first and then have Jones write a story around it, or did Jones do the story and then you had some artist (the cover was great and unfortunately unused!) do the cover? What about the Monroe atom bomb cover next ish? Was that inspired by the story or vice-versa?

Whoever was responsible for what I love about Let's not forget, with all that razzle dazzle, that Chuck Beckum did a wonderful job on the art. Keep producing issues like this, and this comic will be at the top of the fanboy list in no time flat.

T. E. Proumay
Wichita, Kansas 67208
(No street address given)

Well, T. E., the story "Picture You and Me" was inspired . . . no. It was from the painting that Bruce wrote a . . . or was it the other painting. You know, it could have been the story which came first . . . but then again . . . I don't know which came first, one of the paintings or the story. Let us just say that the fates conspired to arrange three random elements in a unified fashion, thereby disrupting any and all claims that entropy is a guiding hand in the universe.

Though it is difficult to read, the cover to ALIEN ENCOUNTERS NO. 7 was signed by master painter Corey Wolfe. I've received several letters asking who has painted the covers seen on this series, so in order from No. 1 to No. 8, they are: Joe Chioldo, Peter Ledger, Mick Austin, John Bolton, David Dorman, Peter Ledger, Corey Wolfe and Mick Austin. If you can't find or can't read an artist's signature on the cover, you can always look on the inside front cover in the indicia, where all creators are given their proper copyright notices.

Hey, Cat—

Who's responsible for the cover to ALIEN ENCOUNTERS #7? Whoever it is, they did quite a nice job. As a matter of fact, it was my favorite part of this issue.

Elvis Oren
Route 44, Box 120
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

Dear Elvis,
See above.

Dear Cat and Sean,

As you know, it is not easy producing a science fiction anthology comic. Even these days, with the great abundance of science fiction-oriented books and series, the genre is rarely promoted effectively. Usually, we are given cliché-ridden space opera, pulpish fantasy or thinly disguised futuristic morality

plays. Well, thankfully, Bruce Jones came along with his milestone anthology series *Alien Worlds* several years ago, and set the standard for meaningful, enjoyable, intelligent postulative fiction in comics—and, also, thankfully, you people decided to pick up the torch after Bruce's book ended.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS is definitely quality work, and follows the attitudes and style of both Jones and the classic EC science fiction of the '50s. You don't quite measure up to the sheer brilliance of that past material—dun, I feel, to the lack of a single, driving creator behind the collections of writers and artists—but you have the right idea, and with every issue you come closer to the visions of the past. In other words, I don't gape and marvel at the stories you publish—but I do smile and nod appreciatively. ALIEN ENCOUNTERS is an ambitious project with a bold and rich heritage to live up to, and it deserves some time to develop.

Anyway, issue 7 was another competent and pleasurable volume. There were no earth-shakers or mind-blowers included, but all three stories were neat, interesting and well-done. In particular, I enjoyed "So You Want to Be in Movies?" by Wheeler and Howell, a sly little tale with a nasty twist at the end. This piece was imaginative and unusual and the ironic catch-ending reminded me of some of my favorite Twilight Zone episodes. During the story I knew something would happen, that the standard deal was too good to be true, but I never knew exactly what the hitch would be. The plot wasn't too unbelievable, either; the idea of capturing a person's image in a computer for use in films isn't too far away from current technology, and the ruthless destruction of an actress' copyrighted image probably isn't too far away from the techniques studios have used already to exploit and misuse performers. Most believable of all, though, extrapolating from current technology, was the use of dead actors' and actresses' images in films after they become public domain. Just wait a while—I think you've hit on a genuine prediction here! I can see it now—Stallone, Schwarzenegger and Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot!* Or Michael J. Fox opposite Bergman in *Casablanca*! Many would stoop so low if the means were available.

When I saw that Bruce Jones had scripted two pieces in this issue, I was very excited, anticipating a return to the glory of *Alien Worlds*. Unfortunately, both segments were predictable and conventional, nothing near the fabulous level of writing in *Worlds*. If they had been written by anyone else, I would say they were coherent, imaginative examples of science fiction; coming from the maestro of anthology work, they were horrendous disappointments. Bruce has assembled such a body of exciting, visionary, innovative work that to see him produce basic formula stories was a let-down. I would love to see him in the pages of ALIEN ENCOUNTERS again, only with more of the marvelous, sparkling prose he is famous for.

"Under Torture" was nothing special, a retell of plots I'm sure I've read before. The soldiers in an

interplanetary war...the human changing to a member of an alien race, and deciding to stay an alien...both have been done before. I didn't like the characters, either, not because they were unpleasant (which they were) but because they were not portrayed very deeply. Both humans were hollow stereotypes—the brutal, macho commander and the helpless, sobbing woman who was too scared to defend herself in battle and allowed herself to be abused and humiliated by the man. The only story element I found remotely intriguing was the fact that the real circumstances were never revealed. We never know if the place was Earth or Altair...who had been the aggressor in the war...and who was lying to Jerry.

"Picture Me and You" was cute, but again, I've read it before somewhere. Though the script and characters and events were new, the basic idea has surfaced before, that of art or fiction influencing reality in a supernatural way. Again, the characters were unsympathetic and shallow, depriving the reader of a hook to draw him in and sustain his or her attention. Pete, the artist, cheats with the wife of a guy who practically saved his life; he sort of deserves the suffering he goes through. I did get a big kick out of the promo page for the next issue, however, which featured the "Bombshell" cover—and which appeared right after the kicker in the story involved the publishing of a similar nuclear bomb comic cover. It was a nice touch, especially the caption—"No, we're not kidding!" I know one reader who won't be hanging around *Marlinian* when next issue hits the stands, just in case, y'know.

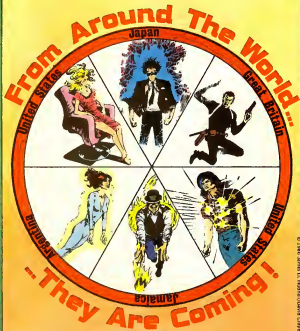
The art on all three pieces was sharp, but nothing stupendous. "It Happened This Morning" was a useful throwaway, but I always like Geary's unmatchable style. All in all, a good, but not remarkable, issue. I know you'll keep plugging away, though, and I expect much bigger things in the future. Think *innocent*! Thank *darling*!

Sincerely,

Robert T. Jeschonek
129 Hosteller Rd.
Johnstown, PA 15904

Since you live closer to the Big Apple than I on the West Coast, Robert, drop me a quick line as to whether the city has pursued our publishing of this issue or not. Or better yet—everyone in Manhattan, write us a letter telling us whether you're alive or not! At the same time you can let down your thoughts on this issue's contents. Just as we are with Robert's letter, we are interested in your comments also.

Next issue Bruce Jones teams up with John Bolton to tell us the story of "The Conquered." Plus, Douglas Wheeler returns with John Snyder of FASHION IN ACTION fame to bring you "And How Does One Spell Love?" All this and two more stories under a brilliant painting by English artist John Higgins. Don't miss it!



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ESPEERS™

This
July
From

A New Series

By James D. Hudnall and David Lloyd





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ECLIPSE
COMICS

THE FIRST ADVENTURE HAS ENDED. THE SAGA BEGINS.

SCOUT

--AN
AMERICAN
STORY.

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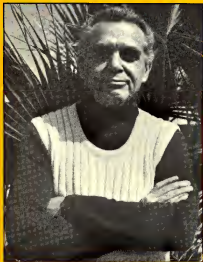
BEST SINGLE ISSUE
—MIRACLEMAN #1

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALAN DAVIS, MICHAEL T. GILBERT,
GARRY LEACH, WILLIAM MESNER-LOEBS, ALAN MOORE,
P. CRAIG RUSSELL, DAVE STEVENS AND TIMOTHY TRUMAN
FROM ...



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MARVEL COMICS' 25th ANNIVERSARY



What about Jack?

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